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Thoughts

Graham Mackenzie

Abstract

In this poem Graham Mackenzie takes an unusual look at a day in the life of a preclinical medical student.

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EYE
SOAR



THOU

*In this poem Graham
an unusual look at a
preclinical me*



EYE
SORE



DR. KERR

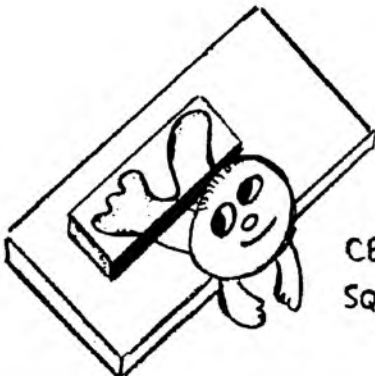
JUST
A
HEAD



A PACHYTENE

Woke up late again on Thursday morning,
I think last night was just too much for me!
Ran into the lecture hall still yawning,
Just ahead, the flowing Doctor T.

Five past nine, words of wisdom, pens in tempo, facing forward,
Eyes directed, cells detected, Doctor T. goes on and on.
Minutes pass as clocks are watched, and legs start twitching,
feeling awkward.
Time to go as seconds stumble, eyes are lifted; she has gone.



CELL
SQUASH

Out all night, each night until the
Friendly faces welcome you, to
Julie asks to dance and helps to get th
Hours fly by in dancing tempo; words

IGHTS

*n Mackenzie takes
day in the life of a
ical student.*

SIR JERRY
AFTER
BATTLE



Doctors with white coats and their dilated pupils climb sky high,
Hands in gloves in pockets, shiny blades within the acid haze.
Dark and hidden figures linger as the living pass them by;
Dense and creeping fumes traverse the room; they start to float
and fly away.

COATED
VESICLE

Chemical attractions flow between us, force attention,
The mind and soul entwined within the bounds of lifeless bone.
The sparks of love and lust we feel, the cause of apprehension,
Explaining what it means to us to be and feel alone.



BRUSH
CELL

hurch bells hail the break of day,
arties which will "change the world".
party under way,
and actions move entwined.